

# COMMUNITY SONG SHEET

1.

## "REMIS VELISQUE."

Smith House Boys, here's a song for you,  
Hunter and Hannell and Shortland too,  
Sing as our fathers sang it, loud and true

When they climbed up the hill in the morning.

Chorus:

Yes, when we're gone in the years far ahead,  
When the last game's played and the last lessons said,  
The name of the school will awake from the dead,  
The memories of many a morning.  
Serving straight in a hard-fought match,  
Sprinting for the tape or puzzling catch  
The "blues" from the limit man to the scratch,  
Will still do their best, night and morning.  
Remis Velisque's the motto for all,  
And our hearts once again will still hear its call,  
When the muscles are stiff that once toed the ball,  
Or climbed up the hill in the morning.

2.

## THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND.

There'll always be an England  
While there's a country lane;  
Wherever there's a cottage small  
Besides a field of grain,  
There'll always be an England  
While there's a busy street;  
Wherever there's a turning wheel  
A million marching feet.  
Red, white and blue what does it mean to you?  
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,  
Britons awake,  
The Empire too, we can depend on you,  
Freedom remains, there are chains nothing can break.  
There'll always be an England  
And England shall be free,  
If England means as much to you  
As England means to me.

3.

## THE BEER BARREL POLKA.

There's a garden, what a garden,  
Only happy faces bloom there  
And there's never any room there,  
For a worry or a gloom there.  
Oh there's music and there's dancing  
And a lot of sweet romancing  
And when they play a polka  
They all get in the swing.  
Every time they hear that "Oompah Pah."  
Everybody feels so tra-la-la  
They want to throw their cares away  
They all go lah dee dah dee day.  
Then they hear a rumble on the floor,  
It is the big surprise they're waiting for

And all the couples form a ring  
For miles around you'll hear them sing.

Chorus:

Roll out the barrel,  
We'll have a barrel of fun,  
Roll out the barrel,  
We've got the blues on the run.  
Zing, boom, ta-rarrel  
Ring out a song of good cheer, . .  
Now's the time to roll the barrel,  
For the gang's all here.

4.

## TILL THE LIGHTS OF LONDON SHINE AGAIN.

For awhile we must part,  
But remember me sweetheart  
Till the lights of London shine again,  
And while I'm over there think of me  
in every prayer,  
Till the Lights of London shine again.  
I'll keep your picture near me, a tender souvenir,  
Now hold me tight and kiss me, and may God bless you dear.  
Dont' you cry while I'm gone, wear a smile and carry on,  
Till the lights of London shine again.

5.

## "OUR VISITORS."

(Air—"John Brown's Body.")  
Our eyes are used to gazing on the textbook and vocab.,  
On apparatus costly in the Chemist(e)ry lab.,  
But now to-night we leave behind  
These occupations drab,  
To welcome you all here.

Chorus:

Come and join our little party,  
Is our invitation hearty,  
Though it's only a la carte  
Our welcome is sincere.  
We've brought along our fathers  
Just to let them see how glad  
We are to have a chance to show  
The good times that we've had  
And now we're pleased to say to you  
As we have said to Dad,  
"We're glad to have you here."

(Chorus).

The members of the staff as well  
Are glad that each one gets  
A chance to see us "off the chain."  
For no one e'er forgets  
Good times we've had together  
And we leave you with regrets  
But we're glad to have you here.  
(Chorus).

6.

## NELLIE KELLY, I LOVE YOU.

Up in the Bronx, up in the Bronx,  
There lives the Nell of all Nellies,  
Everyone's pal, Everyone's gal,  
Everyone swears she's a saint un-awares.  
Every Saturday night of delight,  
Everyone gathers at Kelly's,  
Nobody ever knows out of all her beaux,  
If there's any particular boy.

Chorus:

It's the same old song they sing,  
"I love you."  
The boys are all mad about Nellie,  
The daughter of officer Kelly,  
And it's all day long they bring,  
Flowers all dripping with dew,  
And they join in the chorus of  
Nellie Kelly,  
"I love you."

7.

## THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS.

The last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gay,  
I heard the laughter of her heart  
In every street cafe.  
The last time I saw Paris,  
Her trees were dressed for spring,  
And lovers walked be-neath those trees  
And birds found songs to sing.  
I dodge the same old taxi-cabs  
That I had dodge for years,  
The chorus of their squeaky horns  
Was music to my ears.  
The last time I saw Paris,  
Her heart was young and gay,  
No matter how they change her,  
I'll remember her that way.

8.

## A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

That certain night, the night we met,  
There was magic abroad in the air,  
There were angels dining at the Ritz,  
And a Nightingale sang in Berk'ley Square.  
I may be right, I may be wrong,  
But I'm perfectly willing to swear,  
That when you turn'd and smiled at me,  
A Nightingale sang in Berk'ley Square.  
The moon that lingered over London town,  
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown,  
How could he know we two were so in love,  
The whole darn world seemed upside down.  
The streets of town were paved with stars,  
It was such a romantic affair  
And as we kissed and said "good-night,"  
A Nightingale sang in Berk'ley Square.

9.

## FERRY-BOAT SERENADE.

I have never been aboard a steamer,  
I am just content to be a dreamer,  
Even if I could afford a steamer,  
I would take the ferry-boat everytime.

Chorus:

I love to ride the ferry,  
Where music is so merry,  
There's a man who plays a concertina  
On the moonlit upper-deck arena.  
While boys and girls are dancing,  
While sweethearts are romancing,  
Life is like a mardi-gras,  
Funiculi, funicula.  
Happy, we cling together,  
Happy, as we sing together,  
Happy, with a Ferry-boat Serenade.

10.

(Air.—"There's A Tavern in the Town").

Once again we're meeting here, meet-  
ing here,  
At the dinner of the year, of the year,  
And though in scattered we will be,  
The School we'll hold in memory.  
Let us take the time that's fleeting,  
And remember we'll be meeting,  
In the years to come when student  
days are past, are past.  
Here's to our friendship ever strong,  
ever strong,  
Despite the years that roll along, roll  
along,  
Then let us now our toasting glasses  
clink  
And to "re-union" let us drink, let us  
drink.

Again our glasses raise on high, raise'  
on high,  
For all our pals who are not nigh,  
are not nigh,  
To join us in our Fifth Year Dinner  
cheer,  
The brightest function of the year, of  
the year.

Here's to those with whom we started,  
Here's to those from whom we're  
parted,  
May their memory at our dinner never  
fade, ne'er fade.  
Here's "Happy Mem'ries!" while we  
may, while we may,  
Of all our friends who are away, are  
away,  
Then let us now our toasting glasses  
clink  
And "Absent Comrades" let us drink,  
let us drink.

11.

**THE WOODPECKER'S SONG.**

He's up each morning bright and early,  
To wake up all the neighbourhood.  
To bring to every boy and girlie  
His happy serenade on wood,  
Hear him picking out a melody,  
Peck, peck, peckin' at the same old  
tree,  
He's as happy as a bumble-bee  
All day long.  
To serenade your lady,  
Just find a tree that's shady,  
And when you hear that  
Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick-tick,  
Tick-a-tick-tick sing right along.  
Come on and try his rythmn  
And let your hearts beat with him,  
Just listen to that  
Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick-tick  
Happy little Woodpecker Song.

12.

**THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL.**

There's a long, long, trail awinding,  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And a white moon beams.  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day, when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

13.

**LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.**

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of  
the free,  
How shall we extol thee, who are born  
of thee?  
Wider still and wider, shall thy bounds  
be set;  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee  
mightier yet,  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee  
mightier yet.

14.

**TILL WE MEET AGAIN.**

Smile the while you kiss me said adieu,  
When the clouds roll by, I'll come to  
you.  
The skies will seem more blue through  
Down in lover's lane my dear  
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,  
Every tear will be a memory,  
So wait and pray each night for me,  
Till we meet again.

15.

**ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.**

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'  
eastward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I  
know she thinks o' me.  
For the wind is in the palm trees,  
An' the temple bells they say;  
"Come you back, you British soldier,  
Come you back to Mandalay,  
Come you back to Mandalay."

Chorus:

Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Fotilla lay,  
Can't you 'ear their paddles  
churkin'  
From Rangoon to Mandalay?  
On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin' fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like  
thunder,

Out of China 'cross the bay,  
Ship me some-wheres east of Suez  
Where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Command-  
ments

An' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple bells are callin' and  
it's there that I would be  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'  
lazy at the sea,  
Lookin' lazy at the sea.

Chorus:

Come you back to Mandalay, etc.

16.

**THE ARMY, THE NAVY AND THE  
AIR FORCE.**

There's music on the air, there's shout-  
ing everywhere,  
As the boys go marching by,  
We hear the tramp of feet, along the  
crowded street,  
And our hearts are beating high.  
They pass us line on line, my word!  
but they look fine!  
See the soldiers straight and tall!  
The sailor lads so true, the Air Force  
boys in blue,  
How we love them one and all!

Chorus:

The Army, the Navy and the Air  
Force have made old England's  
name,  
Our Soldiers and Sailors and our  
Airmen have always played the  
game.  
They're steady and true and strong  
and ready to do and die and  
dare,  
The Army, the Navy and the Air  
Force when the call comes  
they'll be there.  
The bands begin to play a martial  
tune so gay  
And the rolling drums we hear,  
We see them wave on wave, so trusty  
and so brave,  
How people shout and cheer.  
Altho' the world may say, "Old Eng-  
land's had her day!"  
They will find their dreams are vain,  
So let them all be told, that what we  
have we hold,  
We can fight and win again.

17.

**MAORI GOOD-BYE.**

Now is the hour when we must say  
good-bye,  
Soon you'll be sailing far across the  
sea.  
While you're away, O then remember  
me,  
When you return, you'll find me wait-  
ing here.